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## The Demons of Space

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# **THE DEMONS OF SPACE**

**Book One of the God Killers Saga**

**CARTER  
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## *Chapter 1*

### *Helix*

Space is a dark, vast expanse, a silent creature of stars, galaxies of life and death... This is a tale of space pirates five thousand years into the future.

A spaceship called the Gridiron has a black skull that is menacing with a long spear sticking out through the skull in the front of the ship and the black skull crashes through the water splashing it out the sides of the ship. The space pirates consider the Gridiron the fastest spaceship in the galaxy.

It is a two-hundred-foot-long spaceship that rides through the water channel at a steady speed, its low-profile square shape crashes down on the Helix waters as tiny waves spread out around the square perimeter of the water channel that has white water rushing deep under the channels.

The Gridiron suddenly comes to a dead stop. The engines shut down and it floated silently waiting.

“Everyone be quiet,” Caleb said in a low whisper.

His crew of cybernetic pirates hears him throughout the ship on the comms as they watch through the eyes of the black skull on a screen. Caleb, a human wearing full black armor with black skull shoulder pads positioned above his chrome cybernetic arms, stands holding the ship's steering wheel. He has a red optical eyepatch over his left eye that enhances his vision, and he stands in front of the wheel as he looks out one of the skull's portholes of the strange snake creatures who roam across the Helix called the Gravers.

They have black and white scales that shimmer in the sunlight, one of them opens its mouth wide through the water channel, the teeth of Gravers reveal to be long yellowish orange spikes that are razor sharp, it can break apart any ship it meets, and they crash into the channel breaking it apart as they cross it. The water channel forms back again as the Gravers continue traveling through space.

A golden faced android with distinguishing marks on his face that resemble tribe like tattoos looks at Caleb, Drang an expert sharpshooter, and warrior is standing opposite of Caleb. He leans forward with his arm up above the window watching.

“That was too close.” Drang taps his boss in the arm and walks off the deck.

Caleb looks at him and smirks.

“You are lucky I did not break your neck in half.”

Drang flips him the bird. “Yeah, in your dreams, Captain.”

The Gridiron resumes a normal course through one of the three channels that split into the southern regions of the M twenty-two galaxy, and it turns left heading southwest in the direction of a space station called Cutter’s port.

Caleb walks down the deck with his hands easing down to the sides of his holsters touching his trusty side arms called the Jackals. Automatic pistols with a bore compression chamber that fires off fusion bullets. A big muscular man wearing a dark green armored suit approaches him and it is Forge, he flexes his big arms as he approaches Caleb, Forge is an enhanced human that can regenerate his skin back to normal from flames, acid, and bullets.



“Captain. We have a problem,” Forge said as his green eyes shone.

“What is it?” Caleb asked, staring at his sharp green eyes.

“We are out of galvanium. Without it we are vulnerable to attacks.” He looks right back at Caleb’s dark eyes.

“How much do we have?” Caleb asked, gripping the top of the Jackals with his hands standing poised.

Forge shifts his shoulder crossing his arms over his chest. “Just a couple of spares.”

Caleb places his finger on his mouth tapping it, thinking for a moment. “We head to Cutters and find some galvanium, even if we have to kill someone for it.”

Forge watches as the captain walks away through the ship’s hallway.

“Frak me.” Forge groaned, rubbing his head.

He walks up to the pilot seat on the deck and sets a course for Cutters Port. The engines of the ship increase speed through the Helix.

Shooting stars pass by with the sun shining right at the Gridiron's black skull projecting light onto the Helix waters. Forge steers the ship into the unknown.

## *Chapter 2*

### *Cutters Port*

Cutters Port is a massive space station floating around the belt of Shi'i-A. It is a dark space station that is close to the outer rim of the far part of the galaxy, close to Murderers Row, it is known that this space station was abandon and to this day no one knows why there are two large black triangle doors that stand fifteen feet tall in front of the station. The black doors emit a haunting sense of fear of something that lies within those doors. Whatever it is; it is waiting to be unleashed again.

The Gridiron stops, cutting off the fusion engines as they die down, the ship pulls up next to a docking station, the claws pop out along the side of the ship, and lock on the docking station setting the Gridiron in place.

Drang pulls the lever down, the door disengages, and they walk out to the port docks where the space pirates meet for business and pleasure. Caleb, Forge and Drang walk down the dull purplish colored dock, they come to the end of the dock, and two big red

Bubbly aliens with two huge teeth sticking out of their mouths stop them. They have their laser handguns pointing at the Demons. One of the Bubbly aliens speaks to Caleb spewing out a vulgar alien language at him.

“Here we go,” Drang said whistling.

Caleb looks back at him with a smug look on his face.

“Guess sometimes you gotta do it yourself.”

One of them shoves his two fat fingers into Caleb’s shoulder, he looks down at the fingers, Caleb grabs them, snapping them back, and the alien screams in pain as it feels the bones crunching in half.

“That has got to hurt for someone who thinks they can mess with me; tell me I don't deserve to be here and go eat shit,” Caleb said.

Caleb grabs the Bubbly alien's laser gun out of his hand and shoots the alien in the head. A hole burns through his forehead killing it. The alien falls over on the dock.

“Want to be next?” Caleb asked with a maddening look on his face pointing the laser gun at the other Bubbly alien.

The alien raises his hands up and shutters with a nod at Caleb, he runs away from the Demons, Caleb throws the laser gun in the water, and he looks around Cutters port and sees all the diverse pirate factions in motion on the docks in front of him. Diverse cybernetic humans, humanoids, aliens; other various species work side by side on the docks and on the spaceships. The sight is quite exhilarating as Caleb admires the pirate life around him.

“This is what I call home,” he cried out.

Drang and Forge look at him and then each other.

“Sure, it does not feel like home. More like trouble,” they said in unison.

“Come on, let's head to the merchant of death's place,” Caleb said.

The Demons pass through colorful hanging drapes as they walk through the marketplace, Caleb turns left to a rundown corridor that leads him down to

a den that is home to the merchant named Takashi Tachibana the only living Japanese human of his kind, the last of his race and he prolonged his life by finding the fountain of youth that made him live a long time.

He kept his young youth of thirty-three years, during the time Japan went to war with the machines on Earth, none fled except him, they died fighting the machines; thus, he traveled... living through the years of his life on Cutters Port as the Merchant of Death who sells weapons and galvanium materials to anyone who has rare Digi sheets.

Digi sheets are thin fiber sheets with hints of gold crystals melted in them the size of playing cards, and then there are extremely rare black sheets with copper crystals.

Takashi shuffles through his wares, makes noises looking for something, he stops, and hears the loud steps of heavy boots come down the stairs of his den. He looks up, sees Caleb and his space pirates stand before him.

“Ah, the infamous Demons, Outcasts disbanded by the Prime. Still beating yourselves up over the war?” Takashi giggles.

“Screw you,” Caleb said, slamming his hand on the wooden table in front of him.

Drang falls onto a chair and sets his feet up on the countertop with a lamp in a disrespectful manner.

Forge leans against the wall with his arms folded and chews his gum.